

Good Morning 505

The Daily Paper of the Submarine Branch
With the co-operation of the Office of Admiral (Submarines)

JOHN ALLEN reveals
how the gamest loser
of all marathons
DORANDO PIETRI
made history and
won a Queen's favour

CAN OF WATER LOST HIM RACE

WHEN the sixty runners competing in the 1908 Olympic Games Marathon lined up outside Windsor Castle, waiting the signal to start their twenty-six mile race, few of them visualised the historical event that was to follow.

Least of all did they think that a small, wiry Italian, Dorando Pietri, would go down as the gamest loser of all time.

When the starting pistol had sounded, and the runners raced off with an amazing turn of speed, considering the task that confronted them, Dorando was well up among the leaders.

Throughout the first seventeen miles he lay in a favourable position. After eighteen miles he moved into second place, the leader being Charlie Hefferon, the South African star, who was five minutes ahead of the Italian.

Still, Dorando—as he was for ever afterwards known—kept plugging away, and when he came in sight of the South African great cheers greeted him. For fourteen miles Hefferon had been in the lead, but Dorando, with a terrific spurt, forced himself to the front of the ever-thinning field.

Not very far behind, J. J. Hayes, the American, running smoothly, also passed the South African. Out there ahead Dorando looked very tired and exhausted. Each step appeared to take much from his reserve of strength, and it was obvious

that the effort made by Dorando to pass Hefferon left him with little for the great final effort.

Still, he managed to keep in the lead.

By terrific will-power and courage he managed to reach the White City Stadium. Here Queen Alexandra, and 100,000 roaring fans, were awaiting his entrance.

At last he arrived—but not in the manner expected by the spectators.

Dorando, like a man in a dream, staggered up the slope and on to the cinder track. Instead of turning to the left he went to the right, but following explanations by White City officials, he turned about and began to make his way round the track.

To everyone in the Stadium the little Italian, pale beneath his dark skin, looked a certainty for the other world.

He was barely conscious; at every step one could sense his strength quickly going.

But Dorando would not give in. He had to cover 360 pards to reach the winning-post, but no one among the 100,000 present could see him accomplishing this feat.

At last it happened; the thing everyone feared might happen. Dorando, trying vainly to gather strength and speed staggered, pulled himself up-right, then fell on the cinders.

There was a sudden roar—then quietness. What was going to happen? To assist Dorando

might mean his disqualification. On the other, he might well die if left on the track. Doctors and officials, however, rushed to his assistance, water was poured over his legs, his lips were moistened, and his legs massaged.

With the crowd sympathetically encouraging him, the little Italian staggered once more to his feet, and with unseeing, glassy eyes, tottered forward, slowly but surely, towards the winning-post. Everyone felt sorry for the gallant who had run over twenty-six miles on hard and hot roads; wanted to see him, if only for his superb courage, win the Olympic Championship.

Once more Dorando fell. Again he struggled to his feet—just as Hayes was putting on speed, Dorando fell again—ten yards from the winning-post—and water was once more thrown over his face.

And at that moment, just as Hayes was putting on speed, Dorando fell again—ten yards from the winning-post—and water was once more thrown over his face.

With Hayes rapidly approaching the post the Italian again climbed on to his buckled legs, staggered forward, passed the post—and immediately lapsed into unconsciousness.

Dorando did not hear the tumultuous applause that greeted his victory; did not know that the spectators were relieved that the race, which had upset many of them, had been concluded.

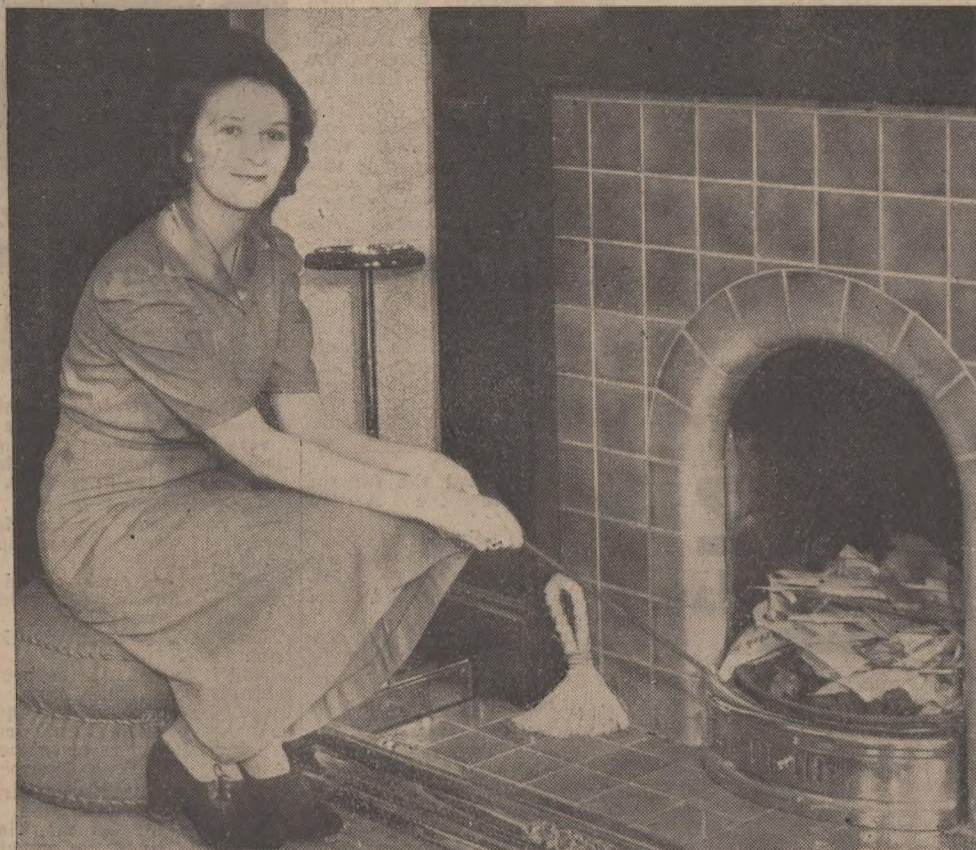
As the Italian lay on the grass centre of the White City Stadium eminent doctors, hurrying from the crowd to examine him, feared he might not live, and for two hours he remained on the brink of the next world. But the same strong will that had put him first past the post again asserted itself, and Dorando pulled through.

Queen Alexandra was so impressed by his gallantry that she gave orders for a cup to be presented to him on her behalf. As it was, medical evidence revealed that the Italian had lost ten pounds in weight as the result of his great race, while he had displaced his heart more than half an inch!

American officials protested over the assistance given to Dorando, and claimed their man, Hayes, who had run second, was the real champion. A special committee sat and examined the whole problem—and eventually Dorando was disqualified and Hayes declared the winner.

But to the crowd it was "Dorando's Race."

Later he twice met Hayes at Madison Square Garden, and on both occasions beat him. But there has never been, and never will be, another marathon to be compared with the thriller of the 1908 Olympic Games.



FIRST VIEW OF IDEAL HOME for C.P.O. George Eastwood

THERE'S a new up-to-the-minute home waiting for Chief Petty Officer George Edward Eastwood, of 73, Lee Crescent, Ripponden, near Halifax, Yorks.

Since he went back from his last leave his wife, Kathleen, has been busy building up their "dream home"—no easy job in these days of expensive furniture and almost unobtainable carpets.

But Kathleen wasn't daunted. She haunted furniture shops, household fitting stores and furnishing ironmongers until she got what she wanted.

George knows the house, it's just opposite his own home, but what a difference he'll see when he gets home again.

A nice modern kitchen, bright newly-decorated living room with non-utility furniture and an attractive fireplace. (Just the thing to warm one's back against.)

All this and more is waiting for you George, and Kathleen is naturally very proud of what she's been able to accomplish towards your own little post-war planning scheme.

She is quite well at the moment, and the doctor has ordered her a change of employment. After four years welding she needs something a little less strenuous.

On the day "Good Morning" called she was going to Halifax to get a job with the Admiralty so she'll be working for the same "firm" as you from now on George.

Those two service brothers of yours, Joe and Ernest are fine, as is Kathleen's mother.

They all want you home soon, and Kathleen can promise you more than one surprise when you again set foot in 73.

Home Town News

IN the ward-room of the British-built Polish submarine, "DZIK," is a painting of a wild boar, the symbol of the ship. It was painted by Miss Dorothy Thick, a Bournemouth artist, and was presented to the ship by the Bournemouth and District Anglo-Polish Society, which has adopted the "Dzik."

The presentation ceremony took place at Bournemouth, and was attended by four members of the ship's company—Commander Boleshaw Romanowski, Lt. Noworol, Petty Officer Pietraszak, and Able Seaman Michajowski—who have been with the "Dzik" since she was launched.

Comm. Romanowski holds the highest Polish military cross, the Virtuti Militari, and the British D.S.O.

He accepted the gift painting from Miss Margaret Thomas, the youngest member of the Society, who was in Polish national costume, and said it would always remind him and his crew of kind friends of Bournemouth.

Mr. Dudley Heathcote, chairman of the Society, said the Polish banner was first hoisted on the "Dzik" in December, 1942, and during the first year in action she had:

Sailed 18,340 miles;
Discharged 40 torpedoes,
23 of which had reached their mark;

Sunk 18 ships, totalling 45,000 tons.

Survived 125 depth charge attacks.

"Dzik" (Wild Boar) and her "sister" sub., "Sokol" (Hawk), are known in the Service as "The Terrible Twins." Together they have sunk no fewer than 100,000 tons of enemy shipping in the Mediterranean.

Sub./Lieut. Norman Piper here's your own pin-up

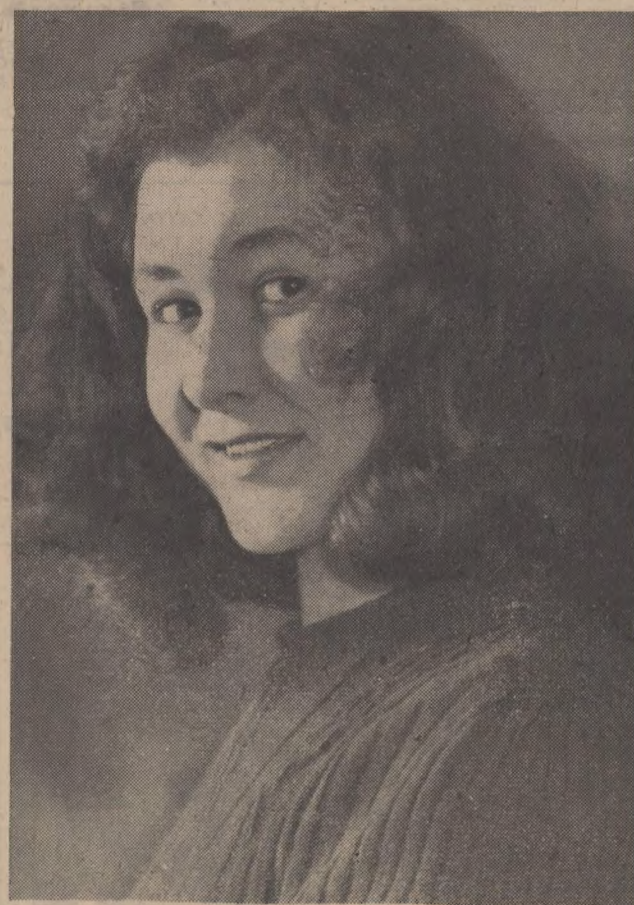
THIS is the story about the man who doesn't give a damn for Betty Grable's looks. Or, at least, he ought not to.

Submariner with a film star fiancée if ever there was one is Sub./Lieut. Norman D. Piper, whose postal address was Blaydon-on-Tyne, before some bright guy changed it to G.P.O., London.

Just take a look at this picture of Miss Mildred Marley, of Wingrove-avenue, Newcastle-on-Tyne. There'll be no need to turn to the back page of this issue for a pin-up girl to-day, what?

And Miss Marley is as sweet as she looks, without the drawback of a film-star's temperament.

In case you don't realise it, Norman, this picture has more



than a special meaning for you. Here's how.

Mildred is packing her suitcase for another trip to Bellingham. Remember the last one? You ought to, because that's where she and you first met.

And now for some real home gen.

In case his pals didn't already know, Norman was the former chief of a Sea Scout troop. Well, your old mob has just won the swimming and boating championships at a Newcastle regatta, and Mildred is putting some snaps of the achievements in the post for you.

Bobby—one of your proteges—asks for a pin-up picture of you, Norman, in your uniform, alongside the sub. And talk-

ing of your former cadets, Joe Brown, seventeen-year-old youngster, has now joined the Navy under the "Y" scheme. "Norman must have taught him some good stuff," is Mildred's cryptic comment.

Another cute crack from Mildred, this time regarding her sister. "She's lucky enough to get her hubby home on leave every week-end," she says. "Lucky dogs. They get a darned sight more time together than we do, don't they?"

And there are no prizes offered for the correct answer to that one either.

Well, good luck and all the best for the future, Norman. And by the future we don't mean just happy hunting on patrol.

Raspberries
are our
favourite
fruit.



So write and tell us
what you really think
about

"GOOD MORNING"

LETTERS TO:—
"Good Morning,"
c/o Press Division, Admiralty,
London, S.W.1.

He fell in love three times by the Blue Danube

IF ever a man had romance pinned into a recipe, you'd think it must have been Strauss. Sorry to disappoint you.

When, as a young man, good looks and good fortune all on his side, his pen was pouring out a superb stream of waltzes, he could have chosen from all the women of Vienna, but somehow he never got round to it.

He was idolised and feted. When he led his own orchestra in his own compositions, women yelled and fainted, just as they do today with Frank Sinatra—or handed up flattering bouquets of roses and invitations to supper.

He ignored them. Maybe he was nervy. Perhaps his heart was in his work. You know how it can be. Johann Strauss was in his late thirties, in fact, before he fell in love—and then it was with a woman with a past who had a natural son.

Besides her liaison with the notorious Baron Tedesco, Jetty Treffz was 44 and beginning to show signs of wear and tear, but the attraction must have been mutual. Johann and Jetty were married in St. Stephen's Cathedral one August day, and all Vienna obligingly turned out to hum a bridal march.

The waltz king had spent most of his life amid the racket of crowds and cafes. Now he took to domesticity like the proverbial hearth-rug. "I feel myself to be thoroughly fortunate and happy to belong to Jetty," he wrote, and he poured his delight into his music.

"Artist's Life," "Voices of Spring," and many others belong to this blissful period. He wrote an opera, and considered it useless and put it away in a drawer. Jetty had it staged secretly, and delighted Strauss by taking him to the

first performance. That was how "Die Fledermaus" first appeared before the world.

If only happiness could stay put! For sixteen years Jetty's past was forgotten. No word came from Jetty's son, rapidly growing to manhood, who had remained in the baron's charge. Strauss had been appointed director of the Court Balls, and Mr.

and Mrs. S. had never before enjoyed such wealth and fame.

Then one night Jetty received a letter from her son. She tore it into a thousand shreds and its contents were never known, but the shock of it killed her.

Act One of Strauss's love life had closed.

Act Two was still stranger.

It was inevitable that sooner or later he should meet another woman. He was romantic, famous and rich—but, alas! by now he was middle-aged.

So, in the episode of Angela Dittrich, fate casts Strauss in the role of a sugar-daddy. The story became the scandal of Vienna, though it was the familiar tale of a cutie-pie and a gay old bird. Maybe it was tragic, too. The composer pursued the girl so relentlessly that at last she cried, "For pity's sake—marry me if you must!"

And he hadn't been married a day before he knew what a fool he had been trying to make of himself. The formalities of matrimony hadn't squeezed any love out of a stone. Nobody was surprised that an alliance so strange and unhappy presently ended in the divorce courts.

For a long time no new waltzes enchanted the crowds.

HOW LOVE CAME TO THE FAMOUS

Johann Strauss is the first of the six giants of the past whose love stories are told by Mark Priestly



Strauss threatened to withdraw from the musical world; he felt broken, lost. Then, in that sombre hour, he turned to the sympathy of the third woman in his life, the plump and motherly Adele Deutsch. She was an old friend of the family and had been to school with Jetty.

Both Adele and Strauss had become lonely folk. Why should they not recognise this fact, they reasoned, and settle down to enjoy life together? Probably no courtship was ever more placid nor any marriage more tranquil in its effects than theirs.

Yet the last scene of all in the real Strauss romance is as strange as fiction. When Strauss at last lay seriously ill, and the Vienna newspapers were printing extra editions for the bulletins, Adele sat at his side.

Strauss stretched out a hand. "You have made me very happy, Angela," he murmured. "I knew you'd learn to care for me in the end..."

Adele trembled at this terrible revelation of his delirium. "I have always loved you," she said.

And Strauss again called the name of the wrong woman. "Angela! Angela!"

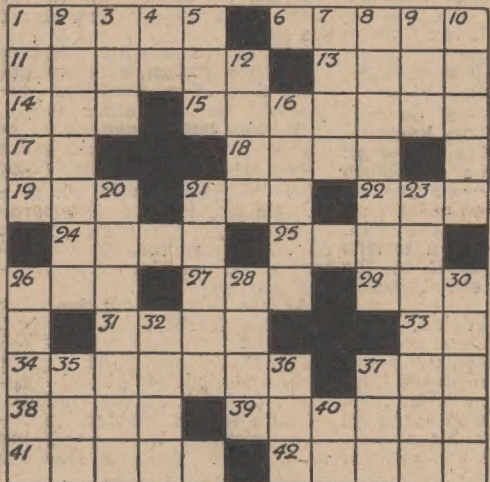
This isn't Hollywood. It is true.

And it happens to be breathtakingly true, that then and there, by one of the queer chances of life, an organ-grinder out in the street began to play "The Blue Danube."

To those immortal strains the great Strauss died, and to those strains all Vienna presently lined the streets.

CROSSWORD CORNER

CLUES ACROSS. 11 Certificates. 6 Coral reef.



11 Sound horn.
13 Tune.
14 Extinguished.
15 Produced.
17 Otherwise.
18 Garden implement.
19 Fish.
21 Entreat.
22 Flow.
24 Liquid measure.
25 Creditor's right.
26 Permit.
27 Exercise.
29 Give title.
31 Went fast.
33 Like that.
34 Lubricated.
37 Colour.
38 Was painful.
39 Girl's name.
41 Tight.
42 Dry and powdery.

SAFETY AHOY
OIL WARDEN
ORATOR DAUB
NIGHT DR OSO
N ASSURE N
AGENT MORSE
R SKIMPY U
ALP RA ACID
BERG SALUTE
NIMROD BOW
WATT NOTARY

CLUES DOWN.

1 Endured successfully. 2 Pluck. 3 Nonsense. 4 Pronoun. 5 Wield vigorously. 7 Discourse. 8 Commanded. 9 Fabrication. 10 Loaded. 12 Neighbouring country. 16 Big bird. 20 Marsh bird. 21 Dims. 23 Remarkable. 26 Brightness. 28 Appear. 30 Healthy-looking. 32 Cereal. 35 Shrub. 36 Animal's mother. 37 Prefix "through." 40 To do with.

QUIZ for today

1. A quodlibet is a reptile, piece of type, argument, two pairs of twins, four-handed game of cards?

2. What is the difference between a tachometer and a tachymeter?

3. From what is manila hemp obtained?

4. Who painted the famous "Portrait of the Artist's Mother"?

5. What is polyandry?

6. Which of the following are mis-spell? Cartillage, Cat-
alysis, Analysis, Synthesis, Cata-
logue.

Answers to Quiz in No. 504

1. Tenacity.
2. Rebecca, Deborah, Beatrix.
3. Prairie dog, pouched rat, land tortoise.
4. Fencing.
5. Wood.
6. Talisman, Tallowy.

I get around RON RICHARDS' COLUMN



IF you want to stay married, wed a farmer or a fireman. Avoid commercial travellers, journalists and bar-keepers, the United States Census Bureau warns American Women.

Pounds and shillings, or rather lack of them, cause most divorces in the United States, the Bureau says, although cruelty is the complaint most frequently confided to the magistrate.

Here are some more of its formal warnings to women—and the rest of us.

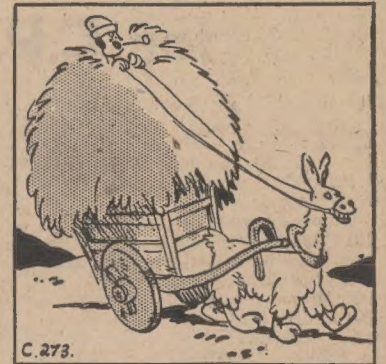
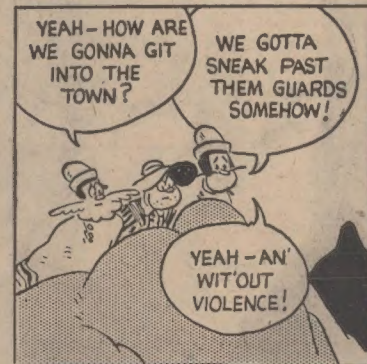
One out of every two American marriages will end in divorce by 1965, and the shakiest marriages are those undertaken by young people in war and post-war periods.

Wives in the United States to-day are dispensing with husbands at the rate of one in six. There are more divorces per 1,000 in the big industrial conservative cities of the Middle West than in the sophisticated areas of New York and Hollywood.

To-morrow's typical divorcee is the girl wife of a soldier who is a tavern-keeper, writer or salesman by trade.

If she keeps her job, has no children, and envies friends' fur coats and motor-cars, these additional hazards make her a perfect candidate for the divorce court four years hence.

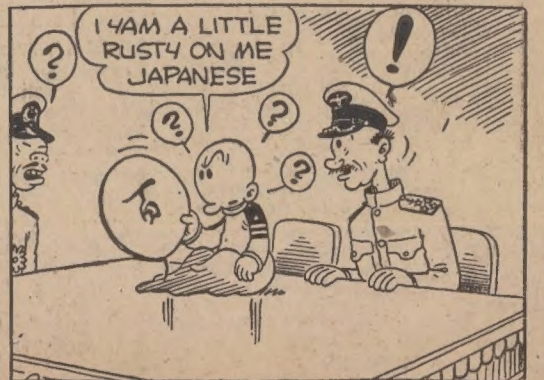
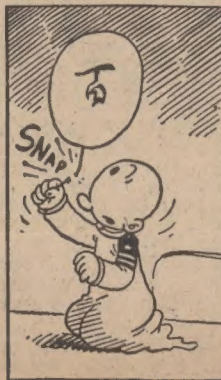
BEELZEBUB JONES



BELINDA



POPEYE



A NEW automatic telephone exchange called "Monarch" was recently opened in the City.

It will serve subscribers in the Guildhall area, and for the time being will take new lines only. Later, lines from the Kelvin Exchange will be transferred to Monarch, and eventually Kelvin will be closed. All Kelvin subscribers, however, will not go to Monarch, but will be spread out over the various City telephone exchanges.

The name Monarch was not chosen for any specific reason. The letters MON were vacant—the Monument Exchange having been destroyed in the London Blitz—and the word Monarch resulted.

Thought he was King of England

MANY people have suffered from strange delusions, but one of the most startling was that of Robert Garret, president of the great Baltimore and Ohio Railway, who suddenly imagined that he was the King of England.

To everyone's astonishment, his wife pandered to this delusion, and spent vast sums in maintaining him in the role. Garret's country house in America was transformed into a miniature Court. Over his red-brick mansion stucco was plastered in the semblance of Buckingham Palace, and a Royal Standard was hung aloft.

A staff of actors was hired to impersonate Court officials or ambassadors from other countries. Every day Mrs. Garret came to her husband as the "Queen."

For hours she sat beside her husband and played through the tragic farce in order that

he might still hold his cherished delusion.

He made elaborate plans, always with an eye on the British Constitution — which he learned off by heart — and talked of the changes he would bring about.

"Your Majesty," his wife would say, "here is a list of to-morrow's engagements awaiting your approval." Halls were hired, more actors employed, and even regiments of fake soldiers were drawn up for review at great expense.

Frequently, to please the would-be "king," these gatherings would be staged some miles away. He would travel to them in a "royal" train, lavishly decorated, and little crowds of people would be employed to cheer when he left the station. As often as possible his wife advised him to travel "incognito"! At other times, His Imita-

tion Majesty would express a desire to tour the poverty-stricken village near his home. When such a wish could not be ignored, it had to be carried out in reality.

Villages would be advised beforehand of the visit, and residents told of the handsome remuneration awaiting them if they kept up the pretence.

Garret's strangest exploit of all was when he expressed a desire to visit the White House. He had come under the temporary belief that he was visiting America and living in an hotel. Eventually he actually did visit the home of the United States President.

Soldiers were drawn up at the gates, and as he passed up the drive guns boomed out. Throughout his visit, as he talked to the President, salute guns sounded. Eventually, well pleased with having welded

By PETER DAVIS

British - American friendship, Garret departed.

His arrival had been carefully timed to coincide with gunnery practice in the neighbourhood. The "President" had been an obliging minor official who was, of course, "in the know."

MIXED DOUBLES

Two words meaning the same thing ("comic" and "funny," for instance) are jumbled in phrase (a); and two words with opposite meanings (e.g., "work" and "rest") are mixed in phrase (b).

- (a) PER A WRY LENS.
(b) TO TRY CHEAP RICE.
(Answers in No. 506.)

Answers to Mixed Doubles in No. 504.

- 1 (a) RIVAL & OPPONENT.
(b) DEEP & SHALLOW.
2 (a) CLEAR & EVIDENT.
(b) POOR & WEALTHY.
3 (a) STICK & ADHERE.
(b) TRUTH & FALSEHOOD.
4 (a) ATTIRE & GARB.
(b) GUILTY & INNOCENT.

In many Tongues

HE SPOKE 600 TONGUES.

BASIC English, with its 850 words, sounds easy alongside Professor Ronald Kent's claim to speak 40-odd languages. There are 3,426 known languages, besides three or four artificial ones, and no man has ever learned them all.

The greatest linguist of all history, Cardinal Mezzofanti, of the Vatican Library, claimed to know only 114.

This historical record has been eclipsed, however, by Sir George Grierson, one time Linguistic Surveyor of India. He knew 120 languages and 480 dialects, and

was still learning when he compiled his Dictionary of Kashmiri and Seven Grammars of the Bihar Dialects.

THE RAIL WAY.

A Yorkshire railwayman, who had never travelled farther than London, spoke five languages fluently and had a working knowledge of 21.

He found a French novel left behind in a train and set himself to master it. Then he went on to German, Italian, Spanish and Russian, read Tolstoy's novels in the original.

He became an interpreter at Euston.

Ronald Garth

INTELLIGENCE

TEST—No. 28

1. Rearrange the following words to make a sentence, and then state if it is true or false: Further stars others away some much than are.

2. Which of the following is an intruder, and why? Boot, Shoe, Moccasin, Sandal, Slipper, Golosh, Wellington.

3. If all flies except some butterflies have two wings, some butterflies have four wings, and flies with four wings are always coloured, is it necessarily true that (a) all butterflies are coloured, (b) some flies are coloured, (c) flies with two wings are never coloured?

4. How many minutes is it until six o'clock if fifty minutes ago it was four times as many minutes past three o'clock? (Answers in No. 506.)

Answers to Test No. 27.

1. Dogs.
2. 344 breaks a series made by doubling each time.
3. (a) Yes, (b) No, (c) No.
4. Cornelius and Gurtun (8 and 1 pigs respectively), Elas and Katrun (12 and 9 pigs), and Hendrick and Anna (32 and 31 pigs).

WANGLING WORDS—444

1. Insert five consonants in * O * E * * E * and get an English county.

2. In the following business motto both the words and the letters in them have been shuffled. What is it? Cukqi laims treruns rotsplif.

3. In these four nationalities the same number stands for the same letter throughout. What are they? 6E4M75, 8UL674175, 8412139, 3C022139.

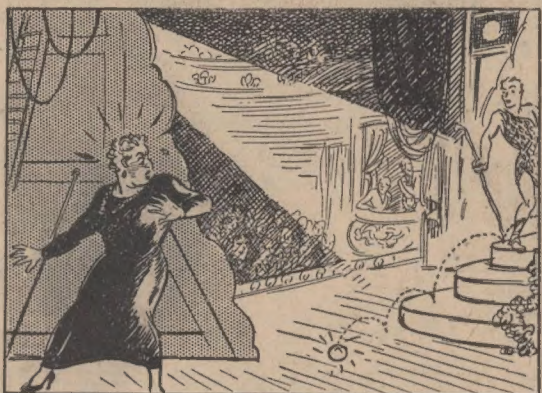
4. Find the two hidden girls' names in: While the children played halma rye biscuits were passed round, and even those who looked sad I envied.

Answers to Wangling Words—No. 443

1. LIMPOPO.
2. Little Miss Muffit sat on a tuffit.
3. Italian, Austrian, Australian.
4. Eg-Bert, Hug-h.

JANE

The Golden Apple which Jane has indignantly rejected from Georgie....

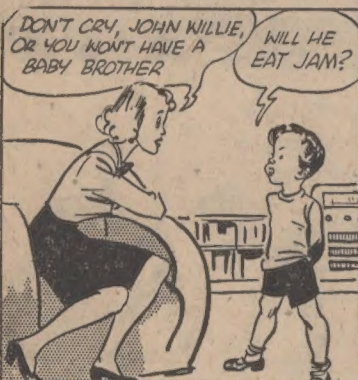


...Bounces heavily across the stage (to Madame Bonnefemme's consternation)



and EXPLODES!

RUGGLES



GARTH



JUST JAKE



The Censor Goes on Leave

BY a stroke of pure chance we were permitted to see the following startling document. We are indebted to the small son of an Admiralty censor of our acquaintance for the privilege.

It appears that Pop came on leave after a long spell of onerous duty, and found that the custom of wielding the blue pencil dies hard. So for an hour each morning he kept his hand in by practising his mysterious art on any and every piece of printed matter to be found in his home.

Here is one example that came to light after the distracted parent had betaken himself and his pencil to the nursery:—

Peter, Peter, pumpkin eater,
Had a wife and couldn't her;
He put her in a pumpkin shell
And there he her very well.
Peter, Peter, pumpkin eater,
Had another and didn't her;
Peter learned to read and spell,
And then he her very well.

At great expense, "Good Morning" has acquired the rights to publish these innocent Nursery Rhymes, so strangely transformed by the ghostly pencil of the censor.

Look out for more, chaps.



**SWIMMING
INSTRUCTOR, FORWARD !**

"Now, fellows, here's the dope. It seems, Joan Leslie, Warner Bros.' Venus, is dying to learn the Butterfly Breast Stroke. Will any submariner present undertake to instruct the young lady?"

"NOT YOU, YOU HAM-FISTED LUG — WE SAID BUTTERFLY !"

OUR CAT SIGNS OFF

"Anyone who goes into water is asking for trouble."

